

# NEWS and GOSSIP OF WASHINGTON



## Lucky Congressman Receives \$12,500 Back Salary

WASHINGTON.—There probably has never been a man who looked upon \$12,500 with quite the same emotions as those which filled the breast of Michael J. Gill of St. Louis when he saw that amount chalked up to his credit in the office of the sergeant-at-arms of the house. Gill, he it known, is the man who journeyed here from St. Louis, and after months of desperate work succeeded in prying L. C. Dyer from his seat in the house.

The money is the salary due him as a congressman from the beginning of this congress. Dyer received the same amount in monthly payments, and the government loses by it.

Gill was a plumber, and all he had when he came here was a house and \$3,500 in the bank. They cleaned him out before he got through with his case.

When a person contests a seat in the house he has to bring charges and sustain them before an election committee. He has to get witnesses and go over and over again all the ragging and bobtail testimony, stand up under cross-examinations that had their origin in Gehenna, and pay for the stenographer at the same time. Stenographers collect by the word.

One of Gill's witnesses made a statement which resulted in a cross-examination which cost Gill just \$200. It was the plainest refutation of that old lie "talk is cheap" that you could find in a day's journey. Talk wasn't cheap to Gill, who would sit there and see his \$3,500 running out like the sand in an hour glass. He had the thing down so that he knew the very word which drained the last cent from his bank account and made him mortgage his home.

When that tragic word was spoken, Gill went out and got a job. The job was in a glass works in or near Alexandria. Also his son, Joe, went out and hooked a job playing a violin in a cheap theater. Joe is a natural musician, yet the best he could do was to snatch a dollar or two now and then. As a part of the irony of things he was invited to play at a congressional women's reception, and also at the White House. He went from a fifty-cent engagement to the president's music room with the same staid air that the elder Gill trudged back and forth to the glass works while making money enough to pay his board and hang on like a bulldog to that election contest.

That's why many of the men in the house voted for Gill. They knew about the glass works, the mortgaged home and the bill playing at 50 cents a throw in moving picture theaters. That's why that \$12,500 looked like the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow to the elder Gill.

## How a Western Senator "Ruined" His Silk Hat

A WESTERN senator, who is serving his first term in congress, came to Washington well-informed upon matters of politics and of general interest, but rather green when it came to questions of conventional attire. He visited a tailor and ordered a new outfit of clothes, which included a full dress suit and a dinner coat, both of them articles of apparel which up to that time had never graced his figure. The tailor fixed him up with a proper outfit, advised him as to the cut of the vests and coats and told him that with the full dress suit he must wear a silk hat.

In the senator's home town a high silk hat worn on the main street would have excited widespread comment and probably would have served as the target for the town marksmen. But realizing that he must adapt himself to the new conditions and must uphold his dignity as a senator, he proudly added the hat to his wardrobe. At the next White House reception the senator appeared in full regalia. None of the duce-spot statesmen from the effete East had anything on him when it came to conventional attire. His coat was right, he had the proper kind of vest and his ready-made white tie looked as good as anyone's. But on his way home—he walked instead of taking a cab—it began to rain and before he reached his house his fine silk hat was a bedraggled and sorry-looking affair. The next day he stopped to tell the tailor his troubles.

"Well, I ruined that fine silk hat last night," he said. "I went to the White House reception and on my way home the hat was entirely spoiled."

"What happened to it?" asked the tailor.

"It got wet," said the senator, "thoroughly drenched. It looks like the dickens and the fur is all rubbed the wrong way."

"Well, call up the hatter and have him send after it and iron it out, and it will be all right," said the tailor.

"Why, can it be fixed up? It can? I thought if it got wet it was gone for good. Sure, I'll have it fixed, for I want to get ready for the next reception." And the western statesman went away happy.

## Senator Kern of Indiana Loses His Pay Check

SENATOR KERN of Indiana the other day called at the office of the senate disbursing clerk, there to cash his monthly pay-check. He reached into his right-hand, lower vest pocket, and the check was not there.

"Look in your other pockets," suggested the clerk.

"No use," groaned Mr. Kern. "I am dead fool enough to carry all my valuables in that pocket. Up to this time it has cost me \$300 to carry my money and keys there, and now it has cost me \$1,000."

"We can stop payment on this check," began the clerk, but the senator did not hear him.

"I had to make a special trip to Indianapolis, costing \$60, because I lost my safety vault key out of this pocket," continued the sorrowful Kern.

"Then I lost \$240 in bills and change out of it. Now my pay check—almost \$700—is gone, too."

"I'll teach me a lesson, though. I'll buy a purse and have a pocket for it made in my underwear."

The clerk broke in here to assure the disconsolate senator that payment on the check could be stopped and a new voucher issued. Kern thanked him; the voucher was issued and the money pushed across the counter. The senator pocketed it and wandered away.

"Holy Moses!" said the disbursing clerk to his assistant. "Did you see that?"

"See what?"

"Where Senator Kern put all that money."

"Where'd he put it?"

"In his right-hand, lower vest pocket," replied the disbursing clerk.

## Wilson Dodges Sleuths to Go on Shopping Trip

SHORTLY after ten o'clock the other morning a distinguished looking person with a carefree expression came out of the White House and stood for a moment on the portico at the main entrance. He was attired in a linen suit and carried a small bundle of papers under his arm. Soon he swung into a brisk walk toward the east front gate, nodding pleasantly to those whom he met on the way. Many turned to watch him as he strode along, probably being impressed with the air of freedom which he seemed to breathe and his utter independence.

It was, of course, the president of the United States. But where were the secret service guards?

Suddenly there was sound of a commotion in the vicinity of the executive offices. Two husky men of the secret service ranks were then seen rushing across the lawn. The president quickened his pace, appeared to be about to run, and then gave up the race. As the men, out of breath, caught up with him, he said: "I came very near getting away that time."

The president was out on a little personally conducted shopping expedition. He stopped at his bank, inquired about his balance, just as many another American citizen might do, and then looked over some summer clothing in a downtown store.

## MAN A VICTIM OF ANGRY BEES

Pennsylvanian, Center of Swarm, Hangs to Tree by Own Hands for Two and a Half Hours.

Philadelphia.—With a bushel of wild honey bees clinging to his body, Milton Robb of Coleville, was compelled to cling with one arm to a tree, 35 feet above the ground, for two and a half hours, while his brother ran two miles down the mountain for help, says a Bellefonte (Pa.) dispatch to the Philadelphia Record.

The brothers had heard of the great swarm of honey-gatherers on the mountain, and Milton, well equipped, had resolved that, with his brother Abe's help, he would capture the bees and bring them to hives at his home. With his trusty saw Mitt climbed the tree, while Abe, with tub and blanket, directly underneath, was to hive the honey-makers when the great cluster on the limb should fall. But Mitt miscalculated the weight of the bees, for when the limb was about severed, he could not hold it, and it twisted downward and in against his body before it broke off and dropped to the ground.

Mitt's first thought was for Abe, and he called to him to look out, but Abe had already looked, and as Mitt puts it, "was running up the mountain through the brush like a Texas steer."

Mitt had little time to give thought to him, for when the limb swished against him the queen bee was knocked off and took refuge under his left arm, which he had hung around a limb of the tree to hold himself from falling. Quicker than you can tell it the bees followed their queen, and swarmed on Mitt, completely covering his left side, shoulder and arm, and partly encircling the tree. Some of the bees crawled up his trousers' leg, some up his shirt sleeves and others lit on his face.

Persepiration started out all over his body, and stream down his face, and then the bees began to sting. They crawled in his ears, his nose, and even his mouth; but he dared not make a move for fear of being stung to insensibility, when he would lose his hold and be dashed to death 35 feet below on the rocks.

Abe had a great hustle for assistant rescuers; but he came with them, and with a ladder and ropes they saved Mitt, stung almost to death, and he has since been in bed, attended by a doctor.

## CARRYING PIGS IN CHINA

Chinese Tie Porker to Pole, Wrap It in Straw and Carry It Bodily Between Two Bearers.

London.—The philosophical Chinese long ago learned that the hardest way to change a pig's location is to drive it. In a land where fences are unknown, where low hedges separate



## Chinese Method of Transporting Pigs

fields of rice, a pig on freedom bent will do an immense amount of damage when pursued at top speed by shrieking coolies. So a national custom grew up of tying the pig to a pole, covering it with wrappings of straw and marsh grass and carrying it bodily between two bearers. To this procedure the pig makes no objection, and the movement of stock goes on in peace and quietness. Whether the pig is to be taken from one pen to another, or to market ten miles away, no other method of transportation is thought of.—Popular Mechanics.

## PELT PASTOR WITH OLD EGGS

Young Men of West Virginia Town Jealous of Minister's Conquests Among Women.

Grafton, W. Va.—Rev. W. T. Elsey, young bachelor pastor of one of the city's largest churches, was bombarded with aged eggs by several leading young swains. They objected to the preacher's monopolizing the attentions of all the pretty and eligible young women in the city. Mr. Elsey has been lionized by the girls of the town, and the young gallants decided to check the hero worship before it got too far.

Several of them organized and laid in wait for the minister as he came from the home of a young woman. Before he had gone far he was pelted with eggs. Calling on the police for protection, he finally escaped.

William Bainbridge, Percy Dalesman and Caryl Hamilton were arrested and held to await the action of the grand jury. The arrests of other young men are expected.

## SEEK TO STANDARDIZE TRUNK

Baggage Agents Want to Get Rid of Freak Varieties Now So Generally Used.

Detroit.—Freak trunks, embellished with conical protuberances, slant sides and unusual tops soon may be unpopular among the best trunk society.

The American Association of General Baggage Agents opened its annual convention here with the avowed purpose of taking concerted action to urge the interstate commerce commission to consider a plan for the standardization of trunks, both as to size and construction.

The baggage men want a limit of 45 inches placed as to the largest dimension of a trunk, with the further provision that the trunk must be square or rectangular.

Drink Coca-Cola

And feel your thirst slip away You'll finish refreshed, cooled, satisfied.

THE COCA-COLA CO. ATLANTA, GA.

## FELT HE HAD BEEN DECEIVED

Why Old Mose Insisted He Had a Distinct Graveness Against "Marse Tom"

"Economy has its pains as well as its pleasures," says a Washington preacher, "if the experience of an old dorky of my acquaintance in Virginia counts for anything."

"One spring, for some reason, old Mose was going around town with a face of dissatisfaction. When questioned, he poured forth a voluble tale of woe in these terms:

"Marse Tom he come to me last fall an' he say, 'Mose, dey's gwine to be a hard winter, so yo' be keeful, an' save yo' wages fast an' tight.' 'An' I believe Marse Tom, yassuh. I believe him, an' I save, an' save, an' when de winter come it ain't got no hardship, an' dere I was wid all dat money jest thrown on my hands!'"

## ECZEMA ITCHED AND BURNED

R. F. D. No. 4, Box 55, Holland, Mich.—"My child's trouble began by getting red and sore around her neck, and her face, behind her ears, under her arms, and different parts of her body were affected. The eczema appeared in a rash first. It was wet and looked as if it was sweaty. It seemed to itch and burn so that she could not sleep or rest. It got so bad at last that behind her ears was one crust or sore so that I had to cut her hair. There was a hard crust covering her neck. She could not have her clothes buttoned at all. I could hardly change her clothes. It caused an awful disfigurement for the time. She would cry when I had to wash her."

"We had her treated for some time but without success. I got one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment and I had not used more than half of what I bought when she was all cured." (Signed) Mrs. G. C. Riemersma, Mar. 21, 1914.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

A Chicagoan, No Doubt. "Tickets," said the collector as he opened the door of the car in which sat a man who looked as if he was anchored to his seat. The man handed over the pastebord, which was duly inspected. Then, looking around, the collector said: "Is there another gentleman in the car?"

"No."

"Is that other portmanteau yours, then, too?"

"Yes, on the floor there by the other."

"Those," said the traveler with dignity, "are my feet."

## Germany's Care of Its Babies

Of late years there has developed in Germany, and especially in Saxony, a theory that the cow, and not the milk, should be the subject of first care. Germany is proud, not only of its high birth rate, but of its growing ability to make the births effective by caring for the infants through the period of greatest mortality. Proper nourishment is recognized as the largest factor.

## Menace to the Nation

Of the 75,000 deaths from cancer in the United States in 1913, about thirty thousand were deaths from cancer of the stomach and liver, 12,000 from cancer of the uterus and other organs of generation, 7,500 from cancer of the breast, and about 35,000 from cancer of other organs and parts.

## Breaking It Gently

Said the little boy, who stood at the door of the spinster: "would you kindly let me get my arrow, madam? It has fallen in your garden."

"Certainly, my little man. But do you know exactly where it fell?"

"Yes—in the side of your cat."

## Cures Old Sores, Other Remedies Won't Cure

The worst cases, no matter how long standing, are cured by the wonderful, old reliable Dr. Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil. It relieves Pain and Heals at the same time. 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

## Spare the Rod

Little Clarence—Pa, that man going yonder can't hear it thunder. Mr. Callipers—Is he deaf? Little Clarence—No, sir; it isn't thundering.—Christian Register.

## How to Give Quinine to Children

FEBRILINE is the trademark name given to an improved Quinine. It is a Tasteless Syrup, pleasant to take and does not disturb the stomach. Children take it and never know it is Quinine. Also especially adapted to adults who cannot take ordinary Quinine. Does not cause nervousness nor ringing in the head. Try it the next time you need Quinine for any purpose. Ask for a bottle of original package. The name FEBRILINE is blown in bottle. 25 cents.

## Good Fishing

"What's the net result of all that girl's flirting?" "She made a big catch."

## WOULD HAVE SUNDAYS DULL

British Member of Parliament Sees Mistake in Nonobservance of the Sabbath.

"I think Sunday ought to remain what some people call 'dull,'" said J. Ramsay MacDonald, M. P., speaking at Leicester. He appealed to religious institutions to see that Sunday is not secularized. People talked a lot of nonsense about the Scottish Sabbath, and did not know what they were talking about. If they were only trained to appreciate the Scottish Sabbath—it would take some amount of training—they would not be sorry if they had it.

All the talk about turning Sunday into a day of recreation was humbug and dangerous. In trying to do it they were beginning at the wrong end of the stick. They should not sacrifice the blessings they had got.

He looked forward to the time when everybody would have sufficient time for recreation during the secular days of the week. An enlightened democracy should value a day of spiritual rest so much that their hands would be lifted up against any man or movement that desired to secularize the Sunday.—London Chronicle.

## Leprosy in London

A skin disease specialist writes to the London Standard: "There are known to be about a hundred lepers in London, but I am afraid there are many others who are unconscious sufferers. Only last January a woman came to me with what she described as an 'acute attack of eczema.' She was actually suffering from leprosy. How many more cases are thus hidden I cannot say—there must be others. Whether or not leprosy is contagious or infectious or neither is disputed. It is generally understood that the disease is spread by eating food that leprosy hands have touched. Leprosy, of course, originates from eating fish."

## No Help for It

At one of the New York restaurants a willowy cabaret young person was doing the latest steps. The room was crowded, and most of the patrons stood in order to get a better view. One old gentleman, a Kentuckian, remained in his chair, playing idly with his glass, though the other members of his party were on tip-toe with interest. Finally one of them, a young girl, caught the old gentleman's sleeve and pulled it impatiently.

"Oh, come on, major!" she said. "Be modern!"

## Leopard at Large in Mountains

A full grown leopard on his way from Germany to a menagerie in Italy escaped from the train at Lecco, on the Swiss-Italian frontier and took to the mountains. Italian gendarmes and several sportsmen armed with rifles and assisted by dogs climbed through a forest without finding any trace of the leopard, which seems to have taken refuge on the higher slopes of the neighboring mountains, and will be a menace to the woodcutters when it finds no food.

## Spoiled the Effect

Alice was playing store with her youngest sister. Mother, asked to become a purchaser, played well her part, but, in saying good-day, stooped and kissed both children.

"Oh, mamma," she wailed, "you've spoiled everything! You never kiss the man in the real store."

## Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Wm. A. Fletcher* in Use For Over 30 Years.

## Woman Organize in Egypt

Cairo has now a woman's educational union. It was established under the patronage of the mother of the khedive. It will promote female education, provide lectures for women and publish a woman's magazine.

## On His Way

Bore—Well, old chap, what's going on? Old Chap—I am!

## A Tightwad

"He practises economy, doesn't he?" "Practises it? Man, he's an expert."—Detroit Free Press.

## Whenever You Need a General Tonic

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood, and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

## Miami, Fla., now has a trackless trolley system.

## HE RAISED A BEARD

Entailed Much Suffering, but Mr. Dolby Triumphed.

That Unkind World Endeavored to Turn Him From His Purpose Availled Nothing—Now He Is Proud of Achievement.

Of all the evil days of his life, Mr. Dolby will probably have the most vivid remembrance of the day when he decided to grow a beard.

"I won't shave again," said Mr. Dolby to himself. "I wonder how a full beard will look?" At dinner Dolby told his wife that he was going to let a beard grow. She was delighted.

"You'll look more like a man," she said.

That was the beginning. While Mr. Dolby could not be really offended at her innocent remark, it did not sit exactly right with him. Dolby had been shaving every other morning, and when the usual time came, habit was so strong that he had the glass arranged and was stropping the razor. Mrs. Dolby entered the room in time to stop him.

"Why, dear," she said. "I thought you were going to let your beard grow."

"So I was," Dolby replied.

"And aren't you? Now, please?"

For several years Dolby had been fighting against that "please," and with such poor success that he put the razor away and went to business unshaven.

"Out last night?" said the clerk who works next to Dolby in the store.

"No," said he crustily.

"That's all right," persisted the other clerk. "I had a pretty fair time myself, thanks."

"What are you going to do with them?" Dolby was asked 50 times, and 50 times he painfully waded through the explanation that he was about to satisfy the natural masculine curiosity to see how he would look in a beard. The senior member of the firm was the only person who gave him any encouragement.

"I think a beard will help you out," he remarked critically, after a general survey of Dolby's frame.

The more Dolby thought of this remark the less he liked it. The next day he had to be out around town. His experience, of which he kept a record, owing to his weakness for statistics, was as follows:

Times asked about beard.....127

Times offered 15 cents.....84

Number of uncomplimentary remarks.....52

"Times congratulated.....4

"By Frank old gentlemen who said Dolby's long neck would be better protected."

Dolby told his wife about his trouble that night and expressed an intention to surrender.

"Be a man!" she exclaimed. "If I were you—"

"But you are not!" he protested.

"And you don't know what it is to start a beard."

"I know that I'd have grit enough to do it if I were a man," she said.

"If you have your beard shaven off you needn't come home tonight."

"But—"

"There are no 'buts' about it. I mean what I say."

She need not have added the last. Dolby had not lived with her five years without knowing that look on her face. He went to the glass and examined his face carefully.

He could not doubt that the patches of hair did resemble, as he had been often told, certain pictures of his antique majesty which were popular during the opera season. There were spots here and there like oases in a desert. There was no esprit de corps about his beard, each particular hair being bent on running its own way.

On Sunday, Dolby refused to go to church. That afternoon he sneaked out of the house for a walk. The wind was blowing a gale, but he bravely paced down the street for several blocks. At a corner severalurchins were playing some game.

"Say, mister," one of them yelled as he passed.

"Well, my little man, what is it?" said Dolby kindly.

"Ain't you afraid to take your whiskers out in this here wind?" the boy shouted.

Dolby returned home and locked the door. The next day he dragged himself to work. It seemed as if surrender was inevitable. On Wednesday the floorwalker, whose magnificent beard is one of the choicest things in that store, stopped at Dolby's counter and looked at him.

"You are doing better," he said.

"You'll make it."

"Make what?" said Dolby, trying to appear unconscious of his meaning.

"You'll have a real beard after a while; but for heaven's sake have it trimmed."

Dolby had not thought of that. As soon as he could he went straight to a barber's shop.

"Will you have it trimmed, President Polcare, London Dip, or Louisville pride?" the barber asked.

"London dip," said Dolby recklessly, wondering what on earth that might be.

It was a lucky hit. His friends again recognized him, his wife was the happiest woman in a New York suburb, his whiskers were enshrined in splendor, and all was well.

## Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days

Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. The first application gives Ease and Rest. 50c.

## The mollycoddle boy occasionally gives the other kids a surprise when cornered in a fight.

## IN SUCH PAIN WOMAN CRIED

Suffered Everything Until Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Florence, So. Dakota.—"I used to be very sick every month with bearing down pains and backache, and had headache a good deal of the time and very little appetite. The pains were so bad that I used to sit right down on the floor and cry, because it hurt me so and I could not do any work at those times. An old woman advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I got a bottle. I felt better the next month so I took three more bottles of it and got well so I could work all the time. I hope every woman who suffers like I did will try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. P. W. LANSING, Route No. 1, Florence, South Dakota.



Why will women continue to suffer day in and day out or drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

For thirty years it has been the standard